THE EMERALD.

SEMPER REFULGET.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE EMERALD.

THE WANDERER,

No. 69.

ANTIPATHIES and predilections arise from associations of ideas, always arbitrary and frequently whimsical. We have seen beings in delight with objects generally the most odious, and others put to the torture at spectacles usually delightful. The superficial observer will be ready to exclaim at the unaccountableness of these phenomena, while the man of reflection will find equally difficult the explanation of the ordinary appearance.

The most capricious of the combinations of mind are those, which bind us to a particular spot and serve, if the expression be warrantable, to localize feeling. Attachment to place, philosophers have contemplated, as a curiosity in sentiment, and moralists, as the amusement of reason. That a man should doat on the particles of earth, which he had improved by his own manual labor, is natural. It is delighting in the works of his hands. He deposits his affections in the same bed with his plants and they grow up together. But that the accident of birth, independent of every other circumstance, should produce this attachment, seems to be a subject of curious speculation.

While some, who, like Anaxagoras, know no country but heaven, are equally indifferent in what part of the terraqueous globe they should fix their abode, it is constantly the most earnest desire of others, if possible, to live where they were born. The gratification of this desire is however attended with numberless mortifications. If success should deign to smile on a man's outset in life in the place of his nativity, a thousand puny, adverse agencies are instantly set at work, from the influence of which he would elsewhere be perfectly secure. The petty jealousies of the playmates of his childhood and companions at school, of the inmates of his boyish days, are unremittedly exerted to retard his progress or annoy him on the way. Does their combined memory treasure up against him any glaring instance of the inconsiderate freakishness of youth? In the hour of his pride, in the moment, when he would most wish the recollection of childish things should be utterly put away, malignity is in rapture to remind him of it. It comes over him like a cloud, in the days of his ambition. Is he seen starting for some distant, elevated goal? Ill nature rouses. "He sate in the same form with me; why should he press before me?" His progress is attempted to be checked by efforts to trip

him, or to throw blocks in his way, over which, it is hoped, he must inevitably stumble. Is his parentage obscure? His meanness of extraction is every where hinted, when it can be apprehended to do him even the least possible harm. No matter, however dignified his character; no matter, how exalted his objects of pursuit; no matter, if his transcendant abilities can almost control fate; no matter, if his disposition be yet so humble, that the meanest object would seem to control him; still in his native city these hints would be constantly thrown out, the suggestions of malignity be yet busily whispered about. The Messiah himself had scarcely announced to the Nazarenes the fulfilment of the prophecy, when the silence of wonder was first impiously broken by the frivolous inquiry concerning the Saviour of the world, "Is not this the Carpenter's son?" The interrogation was put "*by those of his own country.*" The reproof of inspiration was in the language of mildness: "A man is not without honor, save in his own country and in his own house."

The corrosions of competition and the persecutions of envy, the resentments of disappointed, and the maledictions of splenetic cotemporaries, stoicism indeed may consider as minor vexations. It is admitted they are: yet they set stoicism itself at defiance. Though a man should not be called out to encounter a dragon or hold tygers at bay, he will find it difficult to be all his life brushing away musquitoes and yet keep his temper.

It however still seems to be the spontaneous desire of the heart, that being should be continued where being was begun. The spot where existence commenced claims a sort of inchoate right to its continuance. Whatsoever of happiness we may have enjoyed is the necessary consequence of the first breath we drew; we therefore consecrate the spot, where vitality was inhaled, however privileged by accident, or endeared to us by the blindness of chance. COWPER felt the force of this sentiment.

"England, with all thy faults, I love thee still,
"My country."

Patriotism may be weakness; but he that would soar above it, is welcome to all the comfort of his frigid abstraction, and to the sublimating consciousness of his useless elevation. If to cherish contempt for what may be useful in advancing social improvement, be to discharge a moral obligation, the philosopher has the solace of reflecting, that he has done his duty. But the man of the world; the man, that would improve the morals and enlarge the mind of the world; who knows, that the rays of human beneficence, to be made effectual, must be made to converge; will be glad to take advantage of any artificial medium to increase their convergency, to bring nearer the spot, on which their force is to concentrate, which their radiance will warm, cherish, and enlighten. The man of feeling will follow this guide and cling to his native city for life. There are reasons enough to induce him to make the place of his nativity that of his permanent residence. He must necessarily be best acquainted with the manners of the people, among whom he is bred. He knows to what habits he must accommodate, and to what prejudices yield. Was he originally of low estate? He feels no little elation, that under the favor of providence his elevation is attributed to his own personal ex-

ertion. He is happy, that those, who witnessed his obscurity, may now witness his rank. He looks back with pleasure and forward with pride. He thanks heaven he lives in the city of his parents, and, like *Epaminondas*, is grateful when honors are bestowed, principally because mere pride can so highly enjoy them. Here they share his prosperity and it increases from the division.

For the Emerald.

ABEN XAHUMOR.

Translated for the Emerald from the French of M. Fleury.

Si voluimus, magna sæpe ex parvis intelligemus. CICERO.

[*Concluded from page* 106.]

The distant cries of Yoto struck on the ears of Xahumor. In a moment he was in the midst of the Portuguese, and sought directly for their chief. The Moors imitated his example; the violence of their onset was too great, to leave a doubt for victory. Aben by a stroke of his lance brought Fernandes at his feet, and the Christians seeing their chief fallen, retired in the utmost disorder. Xahumor ran directly to Yoto, whom he rescued from the slaves that guarded her, and delivered her to his own people. He no longer pursued his victory, sufficiently pleased with having rescued his wife from the hands of the enemy. I owe you far more than my life, generous Aben, cried she, I am indebted to you for liberty.—Ah, do you believe that I would a long time have been a captive?—Death would have shortly relieved me—my shade should have provided for you a brilliant path to our prophet, or descended to earth and fluttered round you as a guard. I breathe only in your smiles, my Aben, I live but in your love. Adorable Yoto, replied he, you could not doubt but that I should pursue every means to liberate you from the power of these barbarous strangers. Is it by the horrors of their war that we are to estimate the religion which they inculcate in peace? They preach to us of benevolence and humanity! and they destroy our habitations, pillage our treasures and make slaves of our wives. Ah, let us perish rather than abandon the law of our great prophet Mahomet, who has interposed his signal protection for your life and honour. Come, you shall return to your friends and avoid the cruelties of this savage people, while I pursue further means to gratify my revenge. No, I will not again be separated from you, answered Yoto—I will fight by your side and conquer or perish with my husband—I will not again leave you; either you must return or I will accompany you.—Before I was surprised by these frightful beings, I was laying in a deep sleep and in violent agitation; I saw you vanquished, covered with numberless wounds and bathed in your blood—judge by your own love what impression this dream must make on my heart—it is the inspiration from heaven, the great prophet would keep you from danger by this prophetic representation.—Do not despise this supernatural warning—such signs are always to be regarded. Come, let us forget in our retreat and in each other's arms, the dangers, the misfortunes we have escaped. Love shall assume the place of every other sentiment.

Why (replied Aben) why my love would you thus detain me by

such counsel? If the great Mahomet protects me, you ought to calm your apprehensions. As you love me, so let my glory be dear to you—*let me not yield to an enemy*—do not seek to make me unworthy of your love. Ah cruel—said she sighing—follow this fatal glory it places a poignard in my bosom—I know I shall not again behold you. A shout at this moment drowned her cries and she sunk lifeless in the arms of her attendants. Aben ordered the slaves to take her to her father's, and as soon as she recovered her senses to inform her of the circumstances that compelled his instant departure.

Xahumor assembled his troops from different cantons, and with a body of about six thousand men took the rout to Safy, which was distant about four or five leagues.

The Portuguese were in consternation at the death of their General, and knew not what plan to adopt; whether to receive the enemy at Safy, which was defended merely by pallisades, or to retreat to their fortifications on the sea shore.—A difference of opinion existed among themselves, one part, in obedience to the Court of Portugal, devolving the command on Don Lopes, and another insisting on bestowing it on Don Alphonso, the son-in-law of their deceased General. During this consternation the Moors arrived in view of the place. The Portuguese had not more than three thousand men, but they determined on making a vigorous defence. The impetuous Aben already mounts the pallisades, clearing his way with his sword, and making a ladder of the slain—the Moors inflamed by his astonishing intrepidity, attack the village with equal boldness.

The valiant Don Lopes saw where danger was the most alarming, and recognized the leader of his enemies by the terrible havoc which he made. He threw himself in his front and called him to combat with an equal foe. The two armies fixed their attention on this contest of the rivals. Don Lopes is wounded—the sight of his blood reanimates his zeal, and either by greater adroitness or superior fortune, he gives the stroke of death to his adversary, who falls, pronouncing with his expiring breath the name of his Yoto.

The death of Xahumor stopped the impetuosity of the Moors—they gathered round the corpse of their departed Xheque, and retreated, bewailing his untimely death.

The unfortunate Yoto, at a distance from the camp, was continually seeking news of her husband. At last she learnt of the retreat of the army—but what a frightful spectacle for the sight of a lover and a wife :—A funeral car, covered with the drapery of the dead, bore the bloody corpse of Aben Xahumor—the soldiers with their lances inverted, silent and mournful proclaimed that their leader was no more. Yoto, at the sight of this melancholy apparatus, became wild with affright and alarm. Ah Xahumor, Xahumor (with a voice interrupted by tears and sobs) thy destiny is accomplished—the terror of thy enemies—the support of thy friends, thou art forever at rest. Thy days have passed as a shade—as a flower. The song over thy grave, how early is it sung !—Ah cruel love, thou hast fled—thou carriest with thee the happiness of Yoto.—Thinkest thou she will survive ? At these words, in a delirium of grief she snatched a poignard from the hand of a soldier and plunged it to her heart.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

[It is not always the least mean of judging rightly to depend on a man for information of himself. The writer of his own life has the correct knowledge of the facts to be related, but an opinion of them comes with more propriety from other quarters. In introducing the following remarks on the writings of Mr. Cumberland, however, we mean not to make a suggestion that could detract from the merit of the Biography which he has recently presented to the gratification and delight of every elegant scholar, nor even to say that the sentiments of the writer from whom they are extracted are more justly entitled to credit than Mr. Cumberland himself.]

CHARACTERISTICS OF MR. CUMBERLAND AS AN AUTHOR.

If the merits of a writer were to be estimated by the eagerness or indifference of the public about his productions, it would be no easy matter to ascertain, whether Mr. Cumberland was in possession of little or much; for, from the commencement of his literary career to the present moment, he has been alternately admired and abused, followed and neglected; we know not to what this is attributable, unless to those extraordinary fluctuations of popular taste, which it is not more easy to account for than to prevent. The caprices of an English audience are so various, and their transitions from one extreme to another so rapid, that it is scarcely possible for an author to please in many compositions of the same nature, however equally they may be written. The instability, however, is not confined to our own country.—I have read an anecdote of a French author, who states, "that he had written no less than six different dramatic performances for the express purpose of gratifying the taste of the town; not one of which, though a very expeditious writer, could he produce in sufficient time to secure their approbation." The West-Indian is the *chef d'œuvre* of Mr. Cumberland, and indisputably one of the best comedies the present age can boast; it established, early in life, the author's fame, and is the only dramatic composition likely to perpetuate his memory. The language is, in general, easy and elegant, with all the requisite familiarity of dialogue, without degenerating into loose equivoque and technical vulgarity. Belcour and O'Flaherty are admirably drawn characters; and the fable of the comedy, though in many particulars faulty, is such as none but a skilful dramatist could have constructed. The whole is a judicious combination of sentiment and action; of sentiment unperverted by affectation, and of action restrained by judgment. If we did not know that a man, in a whimsical and unsettled nation like ours, cannot possibly conform to his own idea of propriety in what relates to dramatic writing, we should censure Mr. Cumberland for quitting the method which seems to have guided him in his first productions; he has unfortunately, however, yielded to popular taste, and given us specimens of the very worst style of composition, sentimental as well as humorous; at the head of the former may be placed the *Dependent*, and of the latter the *Armourer*.

As a tragic writer Mr. Cumberland is not above mediocrity; his CARMELITE has a few, and but a few, good lines; the characters are out of nature, and the incidents palpably forced; indeed, the action is derived from so improbable a source, and the plot so romantically puerile, that the imagination is seldom deluded into any belief of reality. The *Battle of Hastings*, which seems to have been made up of *scraps* con-

gregated from all quarters, is much inferior to the Carmelite; and *Days of Yore*, the last production of this gentleman, far behind both.

What, then, are the peculiar characteristics of Mr. Cumberland's muse? since, for the comedy of the Old School he has no relish: for the extravagances of farce he is too classical: and for tragedy he has more inclination than talent.

His *forte*, however he may have occasionally diverted into the less solemn department of the drama, is undoubtedly SENTIMENTAL COMEDY. Following the track of Hugh Kelly, he borrows his plot, character, and language from the novelists, transferring, though, with a delicate hand, the property of the circulating library to the stage. There is a wearisome sameness in all his plays, which is, perhaps, inseparable from their nature. "The union of two lovers is supposed to be prevented by a mercenary father or a brother of rigid *honor*; nothing, of course, can be more favourable to sentiment: the lovers lament their destiny with little or no effort to avert it: talk a pretty deal about *sensibility*, *sympathy*, *delicacy*, *feeling*, &c. till some unlooked for accident induces the parent to recal his prohibition, or the brother to relax his rigour."

Sentimental comedy is the least useful of all dramatic compositions, since it neither tends to the correction of the foibles and vanities of life, nor to the improvement of the hearts of mankind. The moral it inculcates is generally too lax for instruction, and the pity it inspires too weak to become active; it possesses neither the virtue of tragedy nor of comedy; it is the offspring of a ridiculous union, which retains none of the characteristics of father or mother, according, as in animal life, the noble qualities of either species are debased by a *mixture of breeds*. The audience depart from a sentimental comedy as from a cold lesson of musty morality; they admire the *fine sentiment*, indeed, but they have felt no emotion; the ear has been tingled by the frequent recurrence of a few specific phrases; but the heart has had no share in the matter. Sentimental comedy is, indeed, rather injurious than beneficial to the interests of society; for people, having learnt to gloss over their conduct by a set of pretty terms, are too apt to substitute the verbal apology for the active principle. The virtues are thus cheated of their due, while maxims become fashionable, and passion evaporates in sentiment.

Of sentimental writers, however, Mr. Cumberland is the first: he is a complete master of the elegances of style, and polishes with great taste and nicety. In his sentiment he is less hacknied and more diversified, both as to matter and language than most other modern authors. If he seldom interests by happy induction of plot, and forcible display of character, he sometimes instructs by justness of observation, and frequently captivates by the brilliancy of his expression. His productions however, numerous as they are, indicate no extraordinary strength of mind; they are, more distinguishable for delicacy than vigour:—in short, they are less the effusions of genius, than the decorated refinements of taste.

FOR THE EMERALD

THE ORDEAL.....No. 19.

Earl of Essex, (Jones) and Paul and Virginia. Friday, Feb. 29.

There are three plays on the subject of the Earl of Essex, one written by *Banks*, one by *Brooke*, the author of Gustavus Vasa, and the other by *Jones*.

That produced by Banks, we have never seen, but *Colley Cibber* commends it for such a happy disposition of fable, and distress so naturally produced, that it requires little assistance from the ornaments of style, which in this play is as barbarous as any that ever kept possession of the stage. In 1761, Mr. Brooke's tragedy was brought forward at Drury-lane; this gentleman gave his plot a novel appearance, by departing from strict historical fact. All authorities concur in the opinion, that it is a very meritorious production. "The sentiments are natural and characteristic. The diction without being too poetical is florid, elegant and often sublime." But Dr. Johnson's wit on a line of it, is often quoted against the piece. Sheridan was loud in its praise, and being desired to give a specimen, repeated the passage ending with this line—

"Who rules o'er freemen, should himself be free."

This is good logic, said Johnson, laughing—

Who drives fat oxen, should himself be fat.

But before the play of Mr. Brooke appeared, the one now under consideration had been performed at Covent-Garden. Mr. Jones, the author, was a brick-layer, who was recommended to the notice of Lord Chesterfield in Ireland. The play is dedicated to his Lordship, and it is hinted that this personage as well as Cibber, assisted in the composition of the Earl of Essex. Be this as it may, it certainly cannot be ranked as either very poetical, chaste in its diction, happy in its imagery, or interesting by the conduct of the plot. The play is barren of incident, local in its allusions, and adulatory to Queen Elizabeth. The mind in attending to it, becomes tired of monotony, and is not recompensed, by the few beauties it gathers in its progress, for the labour of obtaining them.

The metaphor is oftentimes confused, mixed with literal meaning, and inappropriate: but it is sometimes beautiful and characteristical. Were it not an historical play, it would be condemned for its abuse of poetical justice.

We have not many remarks to offer on its performance this evening; the characters in general were not so ill supported as to deserve decided reprehension, nor so well, as to demand unqualified approbation. Mr. Fennel in the Earl of Essex made it much more important and interesting than we could have supposed it. In the scene with the Queen, after receiving a blow, his high spirited indignation mingled with his sense of reason and allegiance, produced an emotion not easily expressed, but which he gave with great truth of conception and force of utterance.

"Confusion! what, a *blow!*
Restrain, good Heav'n! down, down thou rebel *passion*,
And, *judgment*, take the reins. Madam, 'tis well—
Your *soldier falls degraded.*"

He spoke the closing lines, when he made his exit with his wife at the conclusion of the second act, with great propriety.

"From hence we'll fly, where love and virtue call;
Where happiness invites—*That wish of all:*
With sweet content, enjoy each blissful hour,
Beyond the smiles of fraud, or *frowns of power.*"

The Earl of Southampton by Mr. Fox, had a representative who did him injustice. The whole character wanted dignity, and had too much of fretfulness. In all his exits, Mr. Fox has a sameness of hurry—a shuffling step, and mincing demeanour, entirely inconsistent with energy or greatness. The notice of this defect we are willing to hope, is the first step towards its amendment.

We give Mrs. Shaw credit for the attention she bestowed upon the weighty character of Queen Elizabeth. Her costume was appropriate, and she evidently understood her part. This is praise which we bestow more unequivocally, as in tragedy she seldom deserves it.

We were happy to see Mrs. Powell once more in a character so well suited to her talents as "The Countess of Rutland." In some scenes she evinced powers,

"Which threw her former actions far behind."

Mrs. Usher wanted many qualifications for the Countess of Nottingham, subtlety, discrimination, grace. The

contrast in the scenes which succeed each other, the first with Essex and the second with the Queen, was not made effectually striking. The circumstance of the ring affords scope for much discrimination and characteristic hypocrisy.

Such is the play and such was the exhibition of the Earl of Essex. And though the piece cannot boast of so many excellencies as have been injudiciously ascribed to it, yet when assisted by respectable performance, it undoubtedly deserves encouragement.

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The London Merchant; or the History of George Barnwell (George Hills) and Robin Hood. Monday, March 2.

The play of King Lear had been announced for performance this evening; but in consequence of a very sudden indisposition of Mr. Fennel, George Barnwell was made a substitute. The first contained in its cast the whole strength, the last employed all the weakness of the company. Pressed by the emergency of the occasion we presume the managers were necessitated to order this play. We shall therefore be silent as to its merits as a composition, and refrain from censuring its representation. The necessity of the case pre-supposes a want of perfection; for excellence is the effect of industry combined with talents, and is seldom the offspring of immediate conception or the sudden efforts of uncertain execution.

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The Rivals (R. B. Sheridan) and the Spoiled Child. Wednesday, March 4.

The Rivals is the earliest of all Mr. Sheridan's dramatic works. It did not survive the first night, where it first appeared: but it has been since altered and it is now occasionally performed with considerable success. There is much virtue in a name, for had Sheridan never written any thing else, it is probable the Rivals would have reposed undisturbed upon the shelf, liable only to the assaults of consuming worms. It appears to us that this gentleman is exceedingly fond of perplexing his plots, with multiplying the fables, and out of the disasters, crosses and confusions of mingled purposes, characters and events to produce his conclusion. Thus the School for Scandal, has three separate interests, Pizarro mingles three stories so that it has emphatically been denominated "a nest of plays;" and the production before us has numerous involutions of counteracting characters by which various mistakes are committed; until at length the whole plot is crowned by a general *duel*. The stories develope too soon; the audience knowing very early all that is likely to happen, and in truth all that does transpire. The incidents are neither laughable from their drollery, nor interesting from their tenderness.

The characters though original, are so out of nature that an audience far removed from the period when this play was written, will be unable to relish them. The diction is flowing; but seldom elevated; and the comic part of the characters, rather belong to farce than to legitimate comedy. The play is almost without a moral.

The performance of this evening cannot claim much respect from critical investigation.

Mr. Caulfield appeared in a new branch of the comic drama, that of the Irish gentleman; and acquitted himself respectably. But to say the character of Sir Lucius O'Trigger, had full force given to it, neither comports with our opinion, nor would do justice to Mr. Caulfield.

Mr. Bernard as Acres, made us laugh; and so did Mr. Dickenson as Sir Anthony Absolute, with them and them only prevailed,

"*Mirth, that wrinkled care derides,*
"*And laughter shaking both his sides.*"

We beg pardon; Mrs. Shaw as Mrs. Maloprop gave abundant evidence of her powers in old-maid characters.

Messrs. Fox, Downie, and Barnes, diminished nothing from their reputation.

Lydia Languish, by Mrs. Stanley, wanted a sort of languishing susceptability, which distinguishes the disposition and feelings of romantic novel-mongers, and green girls; whose souls are "tremblingly alive" to every touch of bombast and sentimental love pangs. Mrs. S. seemed to be *conscious* of playing the fool, it did not seem "nature in her."

We do not presume the representation of the Rivals, without a Falkland as on this evening, will attract another house during the remainder of the season. The audience we believe were

tolerably satisfied; for if they were not charmed with great beauties, they were disgusted with few deformities of representation.

[*The style of Doctor Johnson has not escaped the shaft of ridicule. He who made every one tremble before the severity of his criticism is himself brought to the bar of critical opinion, and been punished with the lash which he so liberally inflicted. The stateliness and dignity of his language has a very ludicrious appearance when connected with the smaller concerns of life, and hence a judicious imitation of his phraseology on trifling subjects has been a favourite manner of attack with the critics. The following humorous effusion fell from the pen of the Hon. Mr. Erskine, the present British minister in this country, and is supposed to have been written by the Doctor from Buxton after coming out of the bath, and addressed to his friend Dr. Boswell.*]

FORTUNE often delights to exalt what nature has neglected, and that renown which cannot be claimed by intrinsic excellence, is often derived from acident. "The Rubicon was enabled by the passage of Cæsar," and the bubling up of a stream in the middle of a lime-quarry, has given celebrity to Buxton.

The waters, in which it is agreed no mineral properties reside, and which seem to have no better claim to superior heat than what is derived from comparing them with the almost Siberian atmosphere that surrounds them, are said, however, to posess a spirit, which, though too volatile and unknown to receive a name from the chemists of graver ages, have, in this fanciful æra, when macaroni philosophers hold sirtation with science, taken the lead of all the other elements, and those whose nerves have found no relief in change of sky, or variety, seek for a refuge here in *fixed air*.

Amazing, indeed, is the avidity with which all ranks of mankind seek after that health, which they have voluntarily alienated to disease. Like methodists, who hope for salvation through faith without works, invalids come here in hopes to find in the well, that vigour they lost in the bowl; and to absorb in the bath, the moisture that evaporated at the ball, or in the stews.

For this purpose, they venture to this dreary spot, which contemplates, with envy, the highlands of Scotland; surrounded by barren mountains, beaten by storms almost perpetual—where scarce an inhabitant is to be seen, unless when the sun (whose appearance is justly considered as one of the wonders of the Peak) draws them out, from a curiosity natural to man, to wonder into what cavern the storm has retired. Yet this is summer; and if the winter holds its natural proportion, the inhabitants of the hall, who are not thirty yards from the well, must pass months without any communication with it. Yet here, the same folly which created disease, for the cure of which so much is suffered, obstructs the operation of the remedy from which so much is hoped. Animated by the appetite, which even the diluent powers of common water, assisted by the vibrations of exercise and the collisive hilarity of reciprocal salutation, would give to a body obstructed by gluttony and rest; they devour with delirious hunger, a farinaceous sponge, with its interstices undulated in butter, which might smile with contempt at the peristaltic exertions of an elephant, and of which, the digestion would be no less an evil, than the obstruction: if obstructed, it convulses the stomach with rancid exhalations; and if, by its gravity, it finds its way to the bowels, it tumefies them with flatulent paroxysms; by its detention in both, it becomes acrimonious and mephytic; and, while its fumes arise and salute the brain with palsy, its *caput mextuum* descends, and lays the foundation of fistula. Very providentially, however, the evils of breakfast are not aggravated by the dinner. Dinner is rather a ceremony here, than a repast; and those who are delicate and sick acquire popularity, by disseminating among the multitude that food, which nothing but rude health, both of body and mind, could digest. When it is finished, the chaplain calls upon the company to be thankful for what they have received; and the company, remembering they have breakfasted, join in the thanksgiving.

The evils of the day are likewise happily alleviated by the early hour of going to bed; and, if sleep forsakes the pillow, even fancy itself cannot charge it upon the supper.

There are, notwithstanding, here, upwards of two hundred people, who, by talking continually of how much nature has left undone, and how little art has done for the place, increase the spleen they hope to cure at it; who speak with rapture of the beauties and pleasures of Matlock, which though within their reach, they never go to; and who hoping, by the power of imagination, convert a smoking cauldron into a cold bath, relax, and wash to sensitive agony, those fibres, which require the ten sion of the bow-string, and the rigour of steel!

For the Emerald.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

AND ORIGINAL REMARKS.

SENECA.

I owe much, says Kotzebue, I owe every thing to Seneca, and I believe, that during eighteen centuries there has not lived a man in the world who has blessed and revered his memory so much as myself.

DEATH.

Neither children nor madmen fear death. How humiliating not to be able to furnish what insanity can procure.

Whoever (says the German dramatist) whoever has undergone a series of misfortunes must certainly have experienced that the mind is never more prone to superstition than when under the immediate control of grief. What would at other times be accounted as a mere nothing acquires importance during the hour of affliction.

A Monk, who discharged in some place, the office of librarian, finding a Hebrew book in the collection, and not knowing under what title to class it in his catalogue, called it, "a book, the beginning of which is at the end."

Sir Francis Blake Delaval having married an extreme ugly lady, though very rich, was asked by his friends, how he could think of marrying so ordinary a woman; "Look ye," said he, "I bought her by *weight*, and paid nothing for fashion."

Diogenes being at Olympia, saw at that celebrated festival, some young men of Rhodes magnificently arrayed; smiling, he exclaimed, "This is pride." Afterwards meeting some Lacedemonians in a mean and sordid dress, he said, "And this is also pride."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We know not whether the "Original Poetry" which PHILO has very severely censured, would be considered a fair subject of criticism. Friendship has a claim to raise its voice in favour of departed merit, and sometimes demands that the benevolence of its intentions should be accepted as an apology for the deficiencies of genius. But perhaps our correspondent had a right to expect "that in a publication "which has assumed the right of giv- "ing laws to literature, and punishing "with severest criticism every imagi- "nary trespass on the republic of let- "ters, the name of Walter should not "have been associated with the viola- "tion of grammatical propriety, rhetor- "ical ornament and poetical skill."

PHILO should himself remember that severity of reproof is perfectly consistent with mildness of language—his essay contains many just observatiohs, ingenious and critical; but there are several reasons which must prevent its appearance.

The communication of APPELLANT is entitled to our respect. So important and copious a subject as English Orthography demands much laborious investigation and nice judgment. We should be happy to present to our readers a series of remarks on any branch of philological literature, but cannot promise to do it on inspection of only one number. If APPELLANT will forward us the continuation, it shall be examined with attention.

POETRY.

For the Emerald.

CUPID DECEIVED.

An Imitation.

*Addressed to M** M. A. D.*

CUPID round a garden straying,
Tired with playing,
Sought amid its bowers repose;
O, said he, that I could find,
Some lovely station, where the wind
Might lull me laid on many a rose.—
But lo! when rob'd in all her charms,
My mother comes; I'll to *her* arms,
There I sure can find me rest.
He spoke, and flitting,
Wing'd with joy, and little witting,
Sunk upon fair Anna's breast.

She started, thrilling with surprise,
But soon those lovely laughing eyes.
Roguish Cupid there espying,
She caught the boy, and gently tying
The rover, with her auburn hair,
Held him a trembling prisoner there.—
"O lady, lady, set me free,—
"I'll be for aye a slave to thee,
"O loose me; 'twill my mother joy."
He cries and hides his blushing eye,
She taking pity on the boy,
Laughing, let him fly.

He wing'd his way, and smiling said,
Yes, lady, I'm for aye thy prize,
Round thee unseen my charms I spread,
And live within thine eyes.

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Feb. 16.

For the Emerald.

HOME.

WHEREVER I wander, wherever I stray
Through life's varied paths however I roam; [portray,
Still, still Recollection will frequent
The sweet, and the tranquil enjoyments of HOME.

Though Friendship, at parting, may heave the deep sigh,
Which from my sad bosom responsive will come;
Yet Anticipation can comfort supply,
And paint the glad smile of a parent at HOME.

Though Business perplexes tho' Pleasure displays
The soft fascinations of Wealth's splendid dome;
My heart it beats light, and my spirits are gay,
As the Cottage appears, which I fondly call HOME.

In vain, Dissipation, thy charms shall appear;
In vain shall they lure me, or tempt me to roam;
While Maternal Affection, still welcomes me here,
And C-mfort and Peace, are the inmates of HOME.

The Village Lass.

SELECTED.

SWISS PEASANT.

Turn we, to survey
Where rougher climes a nobler race display;
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansion tread, [bread,
And force a churlish soil for scanty
Yet still, e'en here, Content can spread a charm, [arm.
Redress the clime, and all its rage dis-
Though poor the peasant's hut his feast though small,
He sees his little lot, the lot of all;
Cheerful at morn, he wakes from short repose,
Breathes the keen air, and carrols as he goes.
At night returning, every labour sped,
He sits him down, the monarch of his shed;
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys [blaze;
His children's looks, that brighten at the
While his lov'd partner, boastful of her hoard,
Displays her cleanly platter on her board; [led,
And haply too, some pilgrim, hither
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

AN ADDRESS TO SUSPENSE.

What art thou, dubious power? that to the earth
Now sinks the sadden'd heart, now lifts it high,
At once of human and of heav'nly birth;
Mortal, thy sire, thy mother of the sky
Or borne by seraph Hope through fields of air,
Or plung'd in caverns, by the fiend Despair.

E'en now thy double sway divides my breast,
Thy tyrannizing poise 'twixt good and ill;
Yet equal both to rob the mind of rest,
As each alternate works thy tort'ring will;
O then, to certain joy, or certain grief,
The balance turn, and give my soul relief!

Give me the worst to hear, or best to know;
This dread delay unfits that soul to bear,
With wonted fortitude, new loads of woe!
And bliss deferr'd must mix corroding care.
Too late the sun his stronger rays shall dart,
When flower-worms feed upon the rose's heart.

ON FAME.

Say, what is Fame? a brilliant empty shade,
Like vapours painted by the breath of morn,
Which chill the mountain's brow (in clouds array'd)
And starve the head their glitt'ring robes adorn.
Ah! what avails the slowly moving hearse,
The shrine that eulogy is wont to raise;
The splendid tomb deck'd with funeral verse,
The shout of millions, or the peal of praise;
O what is Fame! enroll'd in Glory's page,
Pursu'd with vigour, and with ardour sought;
For which in every clime, and every age,
The poet labour'd, and the hero fought.—
'Tis oft a bubble, that through ether flies,
That sports awhile, evaporates, and dies!

MARIUS SITTING AMID THE RUINS OF CARTHAGE.

Hail! Carthage, hail! ruin triumphant reigns—
No walls, no tow'rs, no consecrated shrine,
Thy mighty bulwarks strew the ravag'd plains,
Crush'd by the vigour of an arm—like mine.
Here then let Marius pause.—'Tis good, 'tis great; [lie,
Pillars of pow'r in scatter'd fragments
Mark'd, mark'd in dust, I read the warrior's fate;
Cities and kingdoms, hosts and heroes die.
Noble in council, noble in the fight,
No lofty birth, no high patrician name,
No chief, no consul back'd my glorious right,
But native merit nobly soar'd to fame.
No danger awes my soul, no fear appals,
But mid the crash of empires Marius falls.

EPIGRAMS.

Women.

A woman is a *book*, and often found
To prove far better in the *sheets*, than *bound*;
No wonder then, some students take delight,
Above all things, to *study in the night.*

Marriage.

Let the good man for nuptial rites design'd,
Turn over *every page* of women kind;
Mark ev'ry *sense*, and how the readings vary,
And when he's read 'em through, then let him marry.

On a Pilfering quack.

Celsus takes off, by dint of skill,
Each bodily disaster;
But *takes off* spoons, without a pill,—
Your plate without a plaster.

Both agreed.

"You're a fool," mutters Harry, says Thomas "that's true,"
"So must ev'ry one be, that expects sense from you."

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